

Saga

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN FIONA STAPLES

CHAPTER
SEVEN



20th
1992-2012
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CHAPTER
SEVEN

Saga

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I should rewind for a second.











His parents didn't say
a word, but the point
of their lesson was clear.



Never forget.

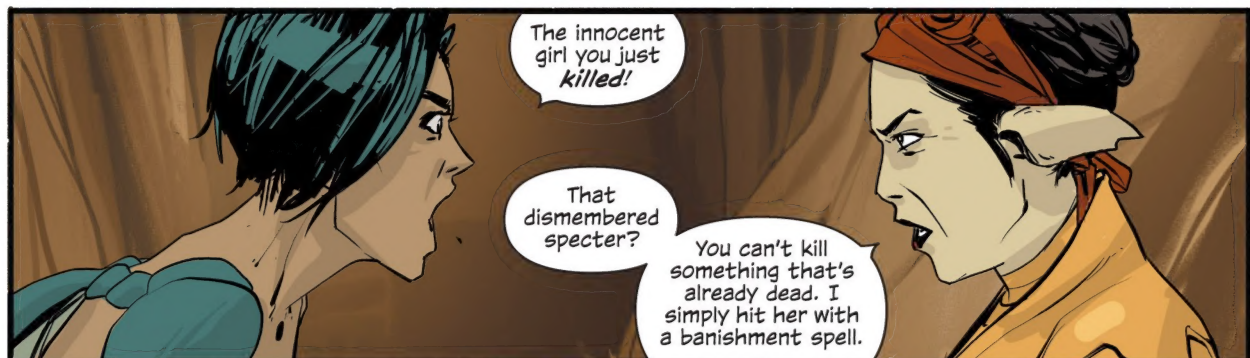


Never forget the
countless heroes who
sacrificed so much.

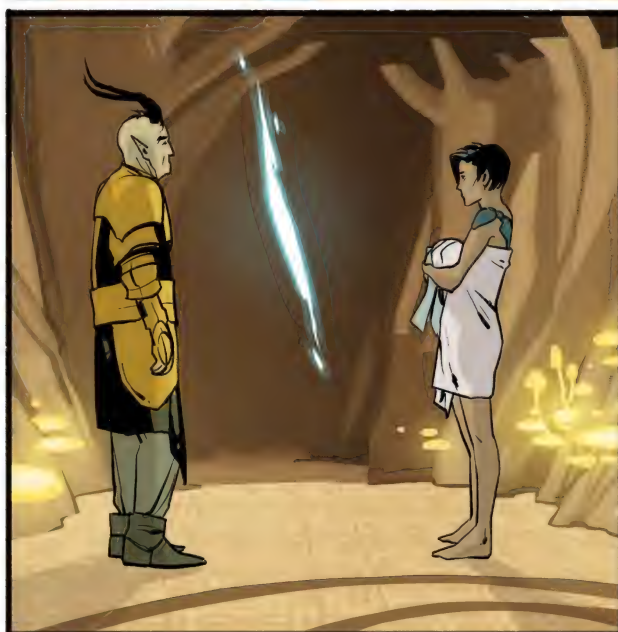


And more importantly,
never forget those evil
fucks with the wings.











You'll have to excuse my wife.

It's difficult for her to see her only child with... someone of your background.



What is that supposed to mean?

For one thing, her mother died in Langencamp.

So? I wasn't even *born* when that happened.



Besides, all my uncles were slaughtered at Southmoor!

And what, you think Landfall's response was proportional?

Is that what your "history" books taught you?



Yeah, not having this conversation.

Just a moment!

The child.



Is it... normal?







Alana is *not*...

She was a *soldier*, all right? Like you. Like me.



Yes, some great warrior you turned out to be.

Desecrating your family's oldest weapon.



It's a long story, but I broke that thing to *save* my family.

And yet, all you *actually* did was reveal your whereabouts to anyone with half a brain.

It's a wonder that Freelancer didn't find you before we did.



What Freelancer?

The one who came to visit us.

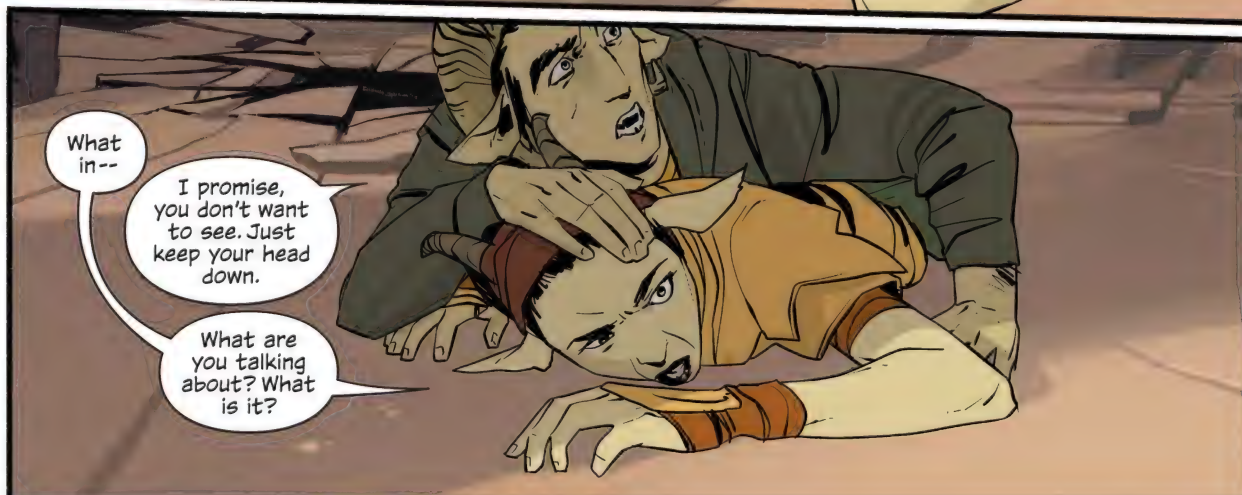


Who?!

Mom, did... did she call herself The Stalk?

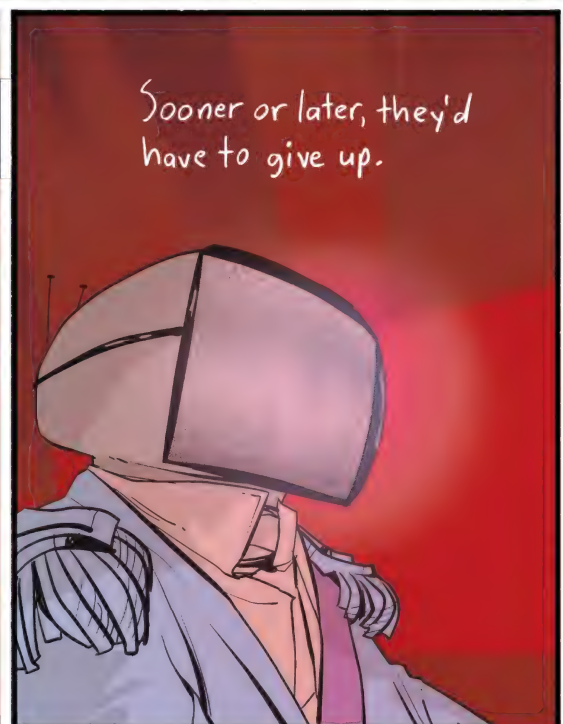
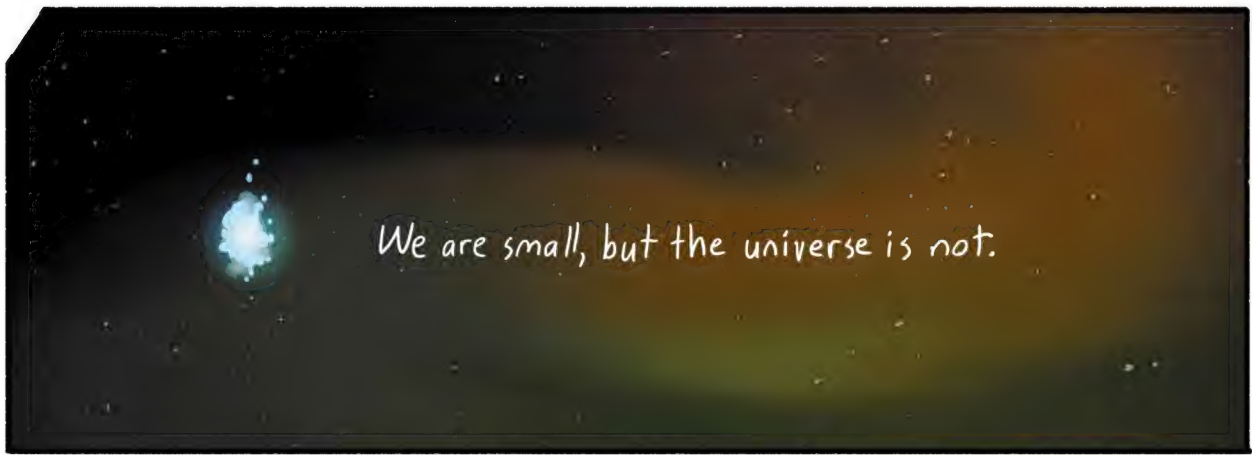
The bounty hunter? It was a male, actually. Didn't give his name, just demanded to know if we'd heard from you, which we obviously had not.

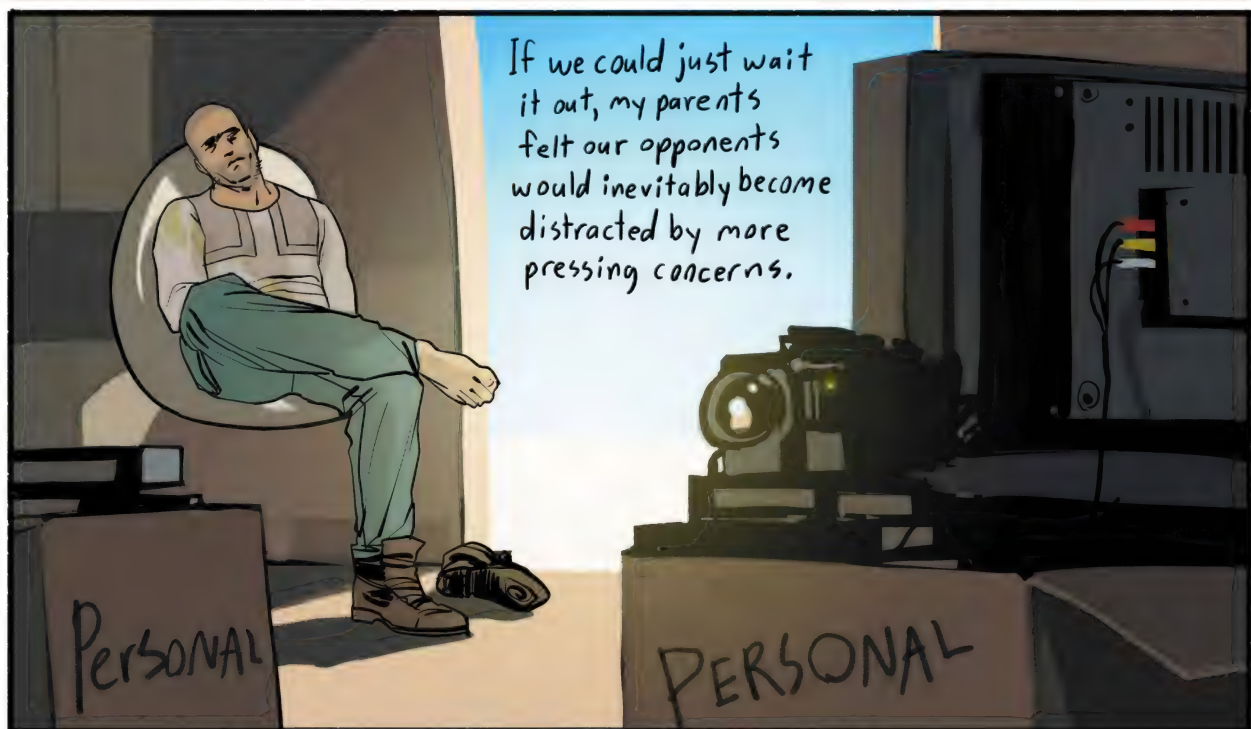
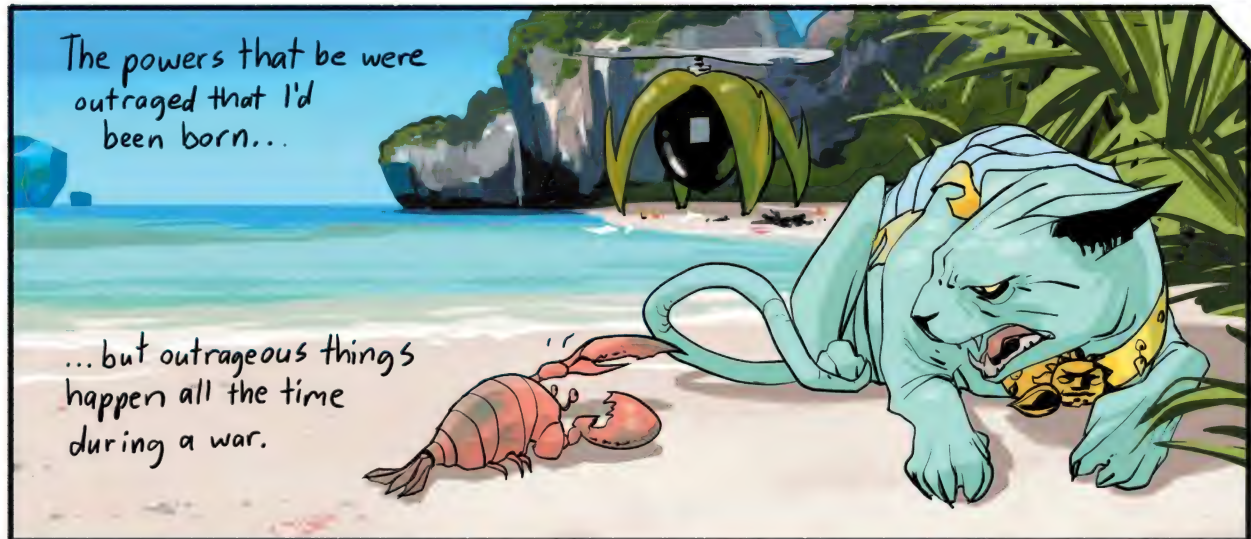






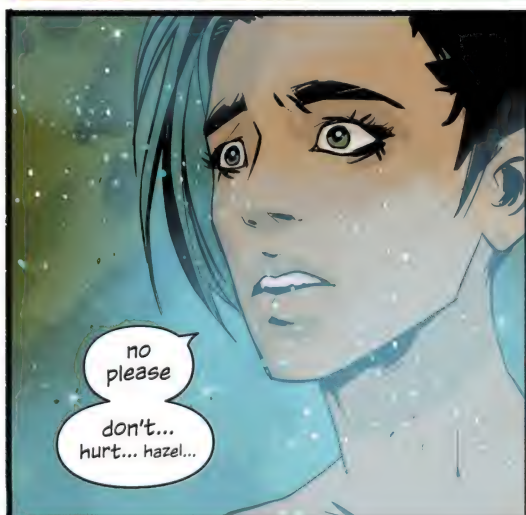
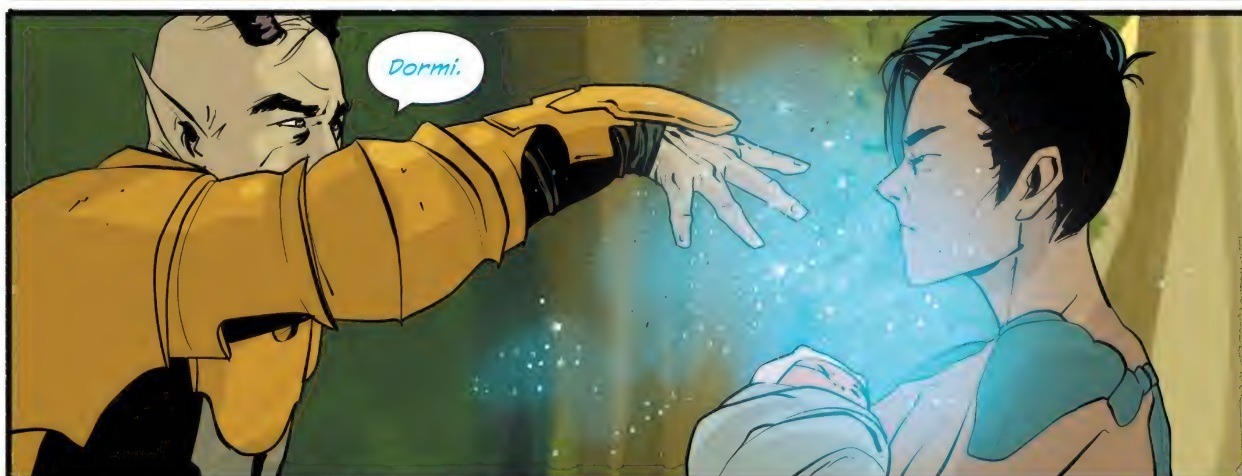
Mother,
please.













Beautiful
goddamn
name.

TO BE CONTINUED

4335 VAN NUYS BOULEVARD • SUITE 332 • SHERMAN OAKS • CA 91403

See, I told you we'd be right back.

For those of you who may have just finished reading the recently released *Saga: Volume One* and are joining us for your first individual chapter, welcome to *To Be Continued*, singlehandedly keeping the United States Postal Service afloat with your physical mail. My name's Brian, and I'm allergic to Internet.

Before we get to your letters, as promised, it's time to discuss our first ever **Ill-Advised Saga Costume Contest!** The rules are simple: use whatever materials you like to dress up as any character (or characters) featured in any moment of our series. Then, snap a good picture of yourself, and mail a copy of the photo to the address above, or send us a postcard with a link to a website where you've posted the pic online.

Sorry, I know that's a batshit insane way to do things in the 21st century, but if you're willing to gamble a stamp, here's what you could win:

- Your picture published in glorious color in an upcoming issue.
- An original, one-of-a-kind sketch of YOU as your *Saga* character done by the illustrious Fiona Staples.
- My hard copy of the script to *Saga* #1, personalized with an important secret about our book for your eyes only.
- And a copy of this very special edition of *Saga* #1 that we made as a thank-you to the brick-and-mortar comic retailers who've done so much to support our book. Only a couple hundred of these were ever printed, and one sold for \$700 on eBay a few months back, which is absurd, but there you go:



My impartial wiener dog Hamburger K. Vaughan will use his considerable taste and careful judgment to pick one grand-prize winner, and if he's feeling generous, Burger may even decide to award some additional prizes to any runners-up.

Cool?

Cool.

Let's get rambling...

Dear To Be Continued,

My sister and I fight about everything, even your comic, which we both LOVE. Our latest battle revolves around the Lying Cat. What does his voice sound like? I think he sounds hissy like a mad kitty. My sister thinks he has a deep sexy man voice. Am I right? Please help end the war!

Amanda Olivas

Great news, warring sisters: You're both wrong.

Lying Cat is a female, you ninnies! And I imagine that she sounds a lot like my wife—crisp, confident, vaguely Canadian.

Dearest Friends at To Be Continued,

My friendly neighborhood comics shop (Locust Moon in West Philly) just reopened after a hiatus, and the first recommendation I got from one of the owners upon my first visit back was Saga #1.

When I opened to the first page to find a close-up of a beautiful woman with a face dripping—both literally and figuratively—with intensity and an animal ferocity, demanding to know if she was shitting, I thought, roughly, "Man, such a dead-on scene from childbirth! Not that I actually believe this is about to be a childbirth scene. Hah! No one would ever write a realistic childbirth scene into a mass-distribution comic book. In my dreams."

So, as a doula, a midwifery student, a dedicated feminist, and a lover of intelligently written comic books, I thank you, Brian and Fiona. I salute you, I was surprised and overjoyed to turn the page and find myself in error. I was more than a little bit humbled.

I once heard it said that women's bodies are the final frontier of modern feminism. As someone who has made it her life's work to break down the stigmas of this frontier, I want you to know how much it means to find allies in this who have and use their wide reach to talk candidly about such intimate and important—even sacred—aspects of the human experience. This frankness pervades the whole story.

Not that I'm assuming that this scene was written with any such agenda specifically in mind. On the contrary, it reads like a scene inspired only by deep love and direct experience of childbirth. So I ask the two of you: what went into creating this scene? Did you have any particular inspirations that cause you to write/draw it the way you did? It's really beautiful. It

feels—like the rest of the series so far—totally authentic; it fits seamlessly with the development of the characters and their relationship.

My political passions aside, the series is fantastic. My neighborhood store will let me have #6 tomorrow afternoon, a day early! I can't get this story out of my head. Please give us a nice long run of Saga. I just can't get enough.

*Love and appreciation,
Katy Feniello*

Thanks, Katy. Cool to hear we've cornered the coveted comics-reading-douglas demographic. And yeah, the opening of Chapter One was definitely inspired in part by own experiences in the delivery room, but that scene wouldn't have worked without the imagination of the enthusiastically childless Fiona Staples, who somehow knew exactly how to capture that moment of creation in all its indescribable glory/grossness.

Dear BKV and Fiona,

I've been absent from the states these past couple of months backpacking in Costa Rica and since I've been back I've been slowly buying the missing chapters of the comic series I've been following: Fatale, The Massive, Hit-Girl, Mind MGMT and of course, Saga. So now I've completed the first arc of this incredible series and I've got to say, I'm excited to follow this epic to its very end. I really don't have any questions or concerns about the story or characters. I am in for the ride and trust that you'll continue to tell us more fun, tragic, and exciting new tales set in the Saga universe. But I do have one question: What is the most comfortable workspace for you? A secluded cabin in the woods? In an RV road-tripping across the States? Or perhaps a hobbit-hole-esque basement in your own home?

Beautiful artwork by the way, Miss Staples. Keep up the great work, Saga Team!

*Cheers,
Alec Bernal
Los Angeles, CA*

Cheers to you, Alec. I don't know about the rest of our far-flung team, but every morning, I abandon my beautiful house and family to write in my ideal workspace, a cheap flophouse apartment I rent nearby. I'm the most easily distracted writer alive, so my makeshift office has no phone, WiFi, television or radio, and no decorations except for a framed headshot of my childhood muse, *Twin Peaks'* Sherilyn Fenn. My favorite time to write used to be from midnight to 8am, but now that I have kids, I usually work from 9 to 5, like an average nobody. Like a schnook.

Hi There,

I'm a dollmaker part time (and a librarian the other part). I made these because I love Saga, and these characters are truly inspiring. These were a passion project, and I thought maybe you could find/give them a new home. I'd give them to my four year old, but he doesn't know who they are (I'm progressive, but not progressive enough to read him these yet). I hope you feel I've done them justice.

Love, Gia

You are a god, Gia. I love them. Using the power of crocheting, you captured Marko and Alana better than any "action figure"

ever could. Everyone needs to check out Gia's website, blog.hookedhands.com, where I stole these photos of our huggable heroes:



For the To Be Continued files,

On July 20th, 2012 at 9:50AM my wife and I welcomed to this world our baby boy, George. George is our first baby together, but at home we have Jake, my wife's 8-year-old son. I had been a stepfather to Jake for three years, but that did not prepare me for the newborn experience I was about to have with George. It was our third day in the hospital and we were expecting to go home that morning. My wife had already been discharged when the pediatrician came into our room. She asked us to sit down and then informed us George would not be going home with us. His bilirubin levels were dangerously high and he had to spend a day under the lights therapy. George would be allowed out only for feedings every 3-4 hours. While waiting for our time to see him I read Chapter Five of Saga and informed my wife how much I think she would enjoy your book (a compliment to Brian and Fiona as my wife is not typically a comic reader). During one of his feeding sessions George was brought to us with the goggles he wore while under the lights. With your comic in mind my wife and I took photos of George with his goggles and were able to laugh and smile for the first time in a day. That night, we slept again in the hospital awaiting the results of George's blood test. The next morning we were told George had progressed fabulously and would be able to go home! I have enclosed two photos we took that night in the hospital for you to see. A huge thank you to you for allowing my wife and I to find humor in such stressful times!

George and Amanda

Congrats, George and Amanda! I didn't want to publish your private family photos without permission, but Junior looks quite dashing in his kickass future goggles. Anyway, glad to hear the boy is doing well. Enjoy those sleepless nights.

Dear Brian and Fiona,

By gender, age, and race this 48-year-old African-American female should not be interested in such things. I love the art, storyline and I'm crazy about the character Alana.

Keep it coming,

Ranae

Welcome aboard, Ranae. Man, Saga has the nicest readers in all of comics. Too nice! I know hate mail is way more fun to read than endless compliments and pictures of handmade gifts, so I swear I'm not hiding any juicy rants from you guys. Feel free to criticize away, aspiring letter hacks.

Here's the closest thing we got to a complaint in the mailbag this month...

Dear Mr. Vaughan,

In my opinion, you are a very bad man for killing The Stalk, my second-favorite villain. I will forgive Fiona, but not you.

Still, I will continue to purchase your wretched comic.

Until next time,

Austin Chapman

Chin up, Austin. The Stalk is indeed deadlier than dead, but that doesn't necessarily mean we've seen the last of her in these pages. Hm...

And speaking of the high cost of bloodshed, here are two of the many eloquent letters we received about Marko and his vow of nonviolence:

Hi!

So I finally found all the issues of Saga and had a chance to catch up. THANK YOU to everyone who makes this title possible for your contribution...I'm really enjoying myself! I like how there is a struggle going on between pacifism and the need to resort to force within the new family. Marko and Alana and Hazel and the Universe, desperately trying to escape war and its machinations; I love these characters, and the way they risk it all for love and Hazel (one of the littlest, best narrators I've ever met!). A lot of questions I've had myself are brought up at this point in the saga...in a violent world, does the protagonist have to resort to violence in order to survive? Where does peace end and protection begin? And since the horrific shooting at the theater in Colorado, a new question: what is the relationship between real and fictional violence?

It struck me how the people in that theater were there to watch a war movie unfold before them, basically fictionalized violence on a massive scale. Instead, a very real violence was brought into that place by a very disturbed man. It was one of those instances when both the great tragedy and absurdity of the human race stood naked in front of us. It has affected the victims and the nation, that a setting associated with excitement and joy could be so thoroughly hijacked by madness and grief. But this time, it raises new issues outside of the ones unresolved since the last time this shit happened (that was a mass shooting in a Seattle café not far from me, less than 2 months ago)...

So much of our culture is action, crime and superhero titles, whose main premise is "good" violence versus the "bad" kind. It's like an Orwellian state of permanent war sold as a necessary struggle for righteousness and self-preservation. Can you blame them? Peace is boring to read about... conflict is what pulls you into the story. It moves things forward and makes you really care about the stakes... all the better if it's violent, charged and bloody like nobody's business.

Why do we seek it out when we are safe, though? Is it pure escapism? A desire to live through bad things vicariously... as a vaccine against (or practice for) the real thing? Some vestigial impulse in our brain, inherited from our ancestors? What does it do for us to live through dramatized violence and danger? It depends partly on what happens in the story after the violent act. The consequences of violence can be dealt with in an honest and realistic manner. Or alternatively, the cycle of trauma, harm and recovery can be glossed over, fantasized, nullified (in this world, we can do that!). All art does not have the same purpose but at the same time, everything we create says something about the world. If it's any good, it can change us, and change the world through us. The inside world is a reflection of the outer one, and every day we collectively create that world anew...with our thoughts, our words, actions, and all that flows from them.

One last question: What kind of a world will we leave our children, and the next seven generations? This is a question in the background of the story you have created too, I think. As someone who loves all stories (but has a special place in his heart for comic books), I want to explore the questions that come forth when Art & Life meet in such tragic symmetry. I hope to do this soon. I am in medical school right now, though, studying hard to pass my boards. So, I write this letter instead, and try to make some sense...

In the end, it all comes down to community: at some point, I realized that we lost not only fellow human beings that day, but also fellow fans and lovers of comics... people who would show up, perhaps in costume, at the midnight screening of the newest Batman movie! People who believe in Justice and Good and Humanity winning out over the monstrous within us. That dream is still alive, within their community... within us. Their loss is proof enough that it is we who are threatened by the misuse of violence. But I believe that we are also the antidote!

My teacher, Char, always says that if we have the question, then we also have the answer. It is in this spirit that I invite others who love this medium, and all that has and will come from it, to search for answers for themselves as they read and create the work. We can allow this event to harden our hearts and push us further into hopelessness, anger, and separation. Or, we can open up to exactly what we have been given and use it to make the world a stronger, kinder place to live... through ourselves and through what we create.

The gun will not go away; it is always there, in our own hands, in the hands of those we love. It is up to us to be the voice of compassion, the voice that says to just put the gun down. I hope we eventually realize that the potential to hurt others does not give us power; it takes us out of our power, into fear and separation. It is in our compassion and in our love and right communication where we find the power that can change all things, all worlds.

Milad Meamarian

Dear Brian and Fiona,

Great work on Saga! Love the characters, the story, the art, etc. etc. blah blah.

I want to talk about Marko's vow of nonviolence. I am a Mennonite (modern, not with the wide-brimmed hats and black bumpers) and one of our primary values is nonviolence. Not the I'm-not-strong-enough-or-brave-enough-to-defend-myself sort but the only-way-to-end-violence-is-to-end-violence sort. I didn't grow up in the Mennonite church, and I've never really been an angry person anyway, but like Marko, I struggle with changing the way I respond to situations—even in my attitude and the way I talk—to reflect my belief in active nonviolence. And it is extremely difficult—violence as a means to respond to conflict, physical or otherwise, is so embedded in our culture and society and humanity that to try to choose another path invites mockery, scorn, and, of course, more violence. We humans don't want to be shown that one of the foundation blocks of the human race is seriously cracked and threatens to bring the house we've constructed on it crumbling down.

So, all that to say that I was surprised and pleased to see Marko take his vow of nonviolence, particularly in a format (comics) that is known for its go-to attitude towards violence. I was disheartened when he broke his vow, and thought, "Oh, typical, a vow of nonviolence is now shown to be impractical and even irresponsible in the face of defending one's family." Not surprised, because it's the status quo, but disheartened. But then, in issue six, when Marko snapped his generations-old sword over his knee, I rejoiced. Not just at Marko knowing his commitment, but at you, Brian, for renewing yours. For all I know, Marko's already abandoned it again in your script for future issues, but for now he is a pioneer in American sci-fi/superhero comics—perhaps even a role model. I sincerely hope that you continue to choose to have Marko stick to his vow, even when it becomes difficult. I've heard some amazing stories of transformation occurring when individuals have eschewed violence in favor of more creative means to resolve conflict, and I believe it can happen on a larger scale, if we would all be willing to try and to be stubborn about it. Great change requires sacrifice, and this kind of change is worth it, especially if we want to survive as a species and protect our earth in the process.

Marko said, "When a man carries an instrument of violence he'll always find the justification to use it." Our instruments of violence are not only guns and knives and fists, but our attitudes and our words and our motivations. I have had to take a hard look at what weapons of violence I am carrying around with me; I hope Marko inspires others to do as he has.

Thanks and keep it up!

Peace,

Jason Michael Poole

Conseb2007@yahoo.com

(Please feel free to print my email address, as I'd love to discuss this more with anyone who is interested.)

P.S. That's the most I've written by hand in a long time! My fingers are starting to cramp!

Thanks for the terrific letters, Milad and Jason.

As always, I like to let our story speak for itself, but I will say that the whole Saga team is endlessly grateful that a comic book featuring giant, pendulous, sore-pocked scrotums is able

to help inspire such thoughtful dissertations.

Brian,

I'm 22 years old and have been a big fan of yours since Runaways and Y: The Last Man came out and I realized comics could be so much more than capes and cowls and Kryptonite. Needless to say when I heard whispers of your new series called Saga, I was immediately on board. The BKV name lured me in but Fiona's art made me fall in love. I knew I had read something special when I put down the first issue and immediately felt I had to share this masterpiece with anyone and everyone. I gave it to my dad (as I do time to time with comics I think he will like) and his first words after finishing the issue were, "why doesn't Fiona Staples draw everything?" As a token of our appreciation for both your writing and Fiona's art, here is my dad's pencil rendition of Marko. From myself and my dad, Steve, thank you for this amazing series and we look forward to many more issues. Best of luck with the rest!

Zach Hammel Hamilton

Ontario



Zach, your Pops is a great artist and he sounds like an even better dad. Many thanks to you both for this killer piece.

Any other families out there sharing our vulgar book with your parents and/or offspring?

Dear Mr. Vaughan,

Forgive the napkin, I am writing this letter on a plane from Wash DC back to the west coast and my nice new notebook was unfortunately repacked in my checked luggage.

I am 30 and a relatively new comics reader. Over the last year or so, during work hiatuses, I'd pick up random trades at the library. Like everything else, mostly OK, serviceable. And then a few precious gems. Among these, Runaways was a clear standout and still I have difficulty to this day finding another series I enjoyed as much.

When I heard through the grapevine that you'd be soon releasing the first book of a new series, I decided it might be fun to read a new comic from the beginning and follow

it month after month. As a result, I have come to learn of the importance of Wednesdays and become a regular visitor to local comic shops on a weekly basis, picking up new titles along the way.

It's kind of nice picking up what some might consider a teenager's hobby in my adulthood. As a proud "big kid" this certainly wouldn't be the first time.

Almost 6 years ago, I discovered a deep love of pinball that has completely transformed my life. Like comics, I find most players/readers are continually drawn to this hobby by nostalgia—something they played or collected as kids that they have either rediscovered or continued to enjoy as they've otherwise grown up.

Also like comics—and movies as well (my first love)—pinball machines are the works of passionate creators, artists, designers. When I play any given machine, I can immediately recognize the signature style of my favorite artists and feel the trademark mechanics of my favorite designers. Likewise, comics and pinball are true—if somewhat niche—American art forms. Commercial art, of course, but oftentimes transcending their respective mediums to create a powerful emotional bond with their readers and players (and collectors!).

The thing I've enjoyed most about pinball, though, is the people. This hobby touches so many from all walks of life. And, being somewhere on the fringes of mainstream culture (hanging by the fringes is more like it) our common passion for these unique machines becomes an instant bonding. All ages, professions, locations. I have been across the country on pin-specific trips and been met by total strangers with open arms. All for the love of the silver ball. Pretty amazing.

On my trip this past week, I called a local comics shop in Northern VA to ask about getting my Wednesday comic fix (including the new issue of Saga, of course). When I entered the store and asked where to find the new releases, the shop owner immediately recognized me from the phone, welcomed me to his shop and could not have been more inviting to a total West Coast stranger. He asked where I shop in LA and knew all my stores by name, even some of their owners. My mom had tagged along with me and instinctively said, "It's just like pinball!"

Getting to the end of the first issue of Saga and seeing your call for letters, I was struck with a great communal feeling. As I am coming to learn from my new weekly visits to buy comics, the tight, passionate collectors and appreciators of this unique art form is what both keeps it going and keeps it so special.

I have loved reading the letters section almost as much as the series itself. It's wonderful to hear from so many who I know are sharing in this emotional, sensory experience. Just like pinball.

Which brings me to my final bit of outreach from one pastime to another. If you'd ever be interested to come experience the comic's distant cousin, my collection of pinball machines is ready and waiting for you. Currently, I have 15 pins from '71 through the late '90s, plus skeeball and air hockey when you need to rest weary flipper fingers.

I warn you, though, once you start playing, pinball can be HIGHLY addictive... just like comics.

Thanks for Runaways and thanks for helping bring me into comics. Definitely enjoying Saga so far.

Hope to hear from you,

Dan Cerny

Thanks for the great letter and very kind invitation, Dan, but I'm afraid I'm still struggling with a crippling addiction to the Twilight Zone pinball game, which I got hooked on back in the break room at Lost. For the sake of this ongoing comic and its deadlines, I should probably avoid your awesome-sounding den of temptation.

For now.

Dear Saga Team,

I was reading your reader survey results in Chapter Four, and saw that you hadn't received any mail from active duty military. I decided I needed to fix that.

I've been in the Army for just over 3 years now, and am currently deployed to Afghanistan. I can't say much about it, but basically I'm an intel analyst and my job is to track down insurgents to capture/kill.

A buddy of mine introduced me to comics about a year ago (his blog is ravingnerd.wordpress.com, check him out!) right before the DCnU. Since then I've reached out and found other comics, including a great find in Saga. Saga is now my top 3 on my pull list. Since I'm out here all of my pull list comes from midtowncomics.com

Like I said, Saga is one of my favorites, as I love how fresh and new it is. Great concept and keep it up! Any requests from "the desert?"

Regards,

SPC Allen P.

P.S. There are a couple of us out here who are avid comic fans, so any and all comic "paraphernalia" we would be more than happy to take off your hands!

You got it, Specialist. There's some comics paraphernalia from us heading your way presently. And no special requests from the desert, thanks, other than for you to stay safe over there.

Brian,

Sorry about your router, French onion soup can be a bitch. My name is Ogden MF Curtis, I'm a medium machine gunner in the Army, or rather the 82nd Airborne Division. I'm currently in Afghanistan and I just finished Chapter One of Saga.

That's enough about me though, I'm not the reason I'm writing. Obviously, I'm a fan of yours, Fiona and Steven's, perhaps your dachshund too, but I can't say that for certain. I'm writing to tell you about my friend Jon R. Brown, who thought so highly of your work that he bought two copies of each chapter and mailed one set to me, half a world away. He continues to send me each new chapter as they are released. I thought you would like to know that your work is greatly appreciated and shared all over the globe. Jon has been one of my closest friends since college and has always been an amazingly kind and generous person. It dawned on me that one of the best ways I could thank him would be to write you. It certainly makes sense to me. If you feel so inclined please write him, he's one hell of a fan.

Thank you for sharing your imagination and creativity with the world. I look forward to reading all of the chapters you've written and Jon has mailed.

Thank you!

Ogden

P.S. Today is my birthday. I hope the chow hall has a cookie.

Happy belated, Ogden! We're sending your loyal pal Jon *Saga: Volume One*, as well as a few additional copies for you and your compatriots in the 82nd, if Jon wouldn't mind please forwarding them to whatever FOB you're operating out of when this issue hits.

Mr. Vaughan,

If this was a trap, you may spring it when ready. Back in the issue #4 letter column you laid out the subtle bait when you inquired if any readers were active duty military. You didn't provide a reason why you were curious, just offering that you would love to hear from us. What about us military types piqued your interest? Why not single out another profession, like doctors, lawyers, driver's education teachers, or baristas? Are you looking for some particular insight? Trying to substantiate some hunch or theory? Can't resist a man in uniform? Or was it (duh duh duh) a trap?

Trap or not, I found myself unable to resist the siren call of your question. I am an Army officer going on 16 years of service, a veteran of Iraq, a reader of fine comics, and a fellow fan of the underappreciated *Haywire*. If you were looking for some profound insight from me based on my profession, I don't know if I have any to offer in this short letter. What I can offer is a tip o' the hat. Your work, from *Ex Machina* to *Pride of Baghdad* to the amazing *Y: The Last Man*, has always engaged me. As a grown man to another, I don't think I can offer a higher form of praise without sounding creepy or pathetic. Your work is engaging. It makes me think. It makes me wonder.

Your current work on *Saga* is no different. I'm really connecting with your protagonists and their struggles as parents in a perilous world. I currently serve in the Republic of Korea, where I live with my wife and young daughters. We

reside within the effective range of a couple thousand pieces of North Korean artillery, and during the periods of heightened provocations and tensions here, most notably the shelling of Yeonpeong Island in 2010, you learn something about who you are as a parent. Your work on *Saga* captures a little bit of that lesson on paper (beautifully rendered by Fiona). Bravo. Keep up the good work. And spring your potential trap if you will...

Major Sam DeWind
US Army Dongducheon,
South Korea

Easy, Admiral Akbar! No traps here, just a genuine curiosity about what any current or former soldiers out there make of our book, as it's largely about two veterans and the armies they chose to desert. Anyway, nice to hear at least a few of you are digging the series so far.

And as thanks for your service, Major DeWind, Hamburger K. Vaughan has selected YOU as this month's winner of some flotsam and jetsam from the Almighty Prize Drawer: a signed copy of this very issue, my backstage pass from the 2008 *Scream Awards*, a ballpoint pen I lifted from a Mini Cooper dealership, a broken trick from my son's first magic set, and a deluxe edition of *Y: The Last Man*, conveniently translated into Korean. I hope you enjoy your swag... unless, of course, this is all part of the trap.

Next month, we return with Chapter Eight, where more of Marko and Alana's past is revealed, and an important new character makes a dramatic entrance. Probably best to start waiting in line for it outside your local comic shop today, yes?

Be good,
BKV

Saga

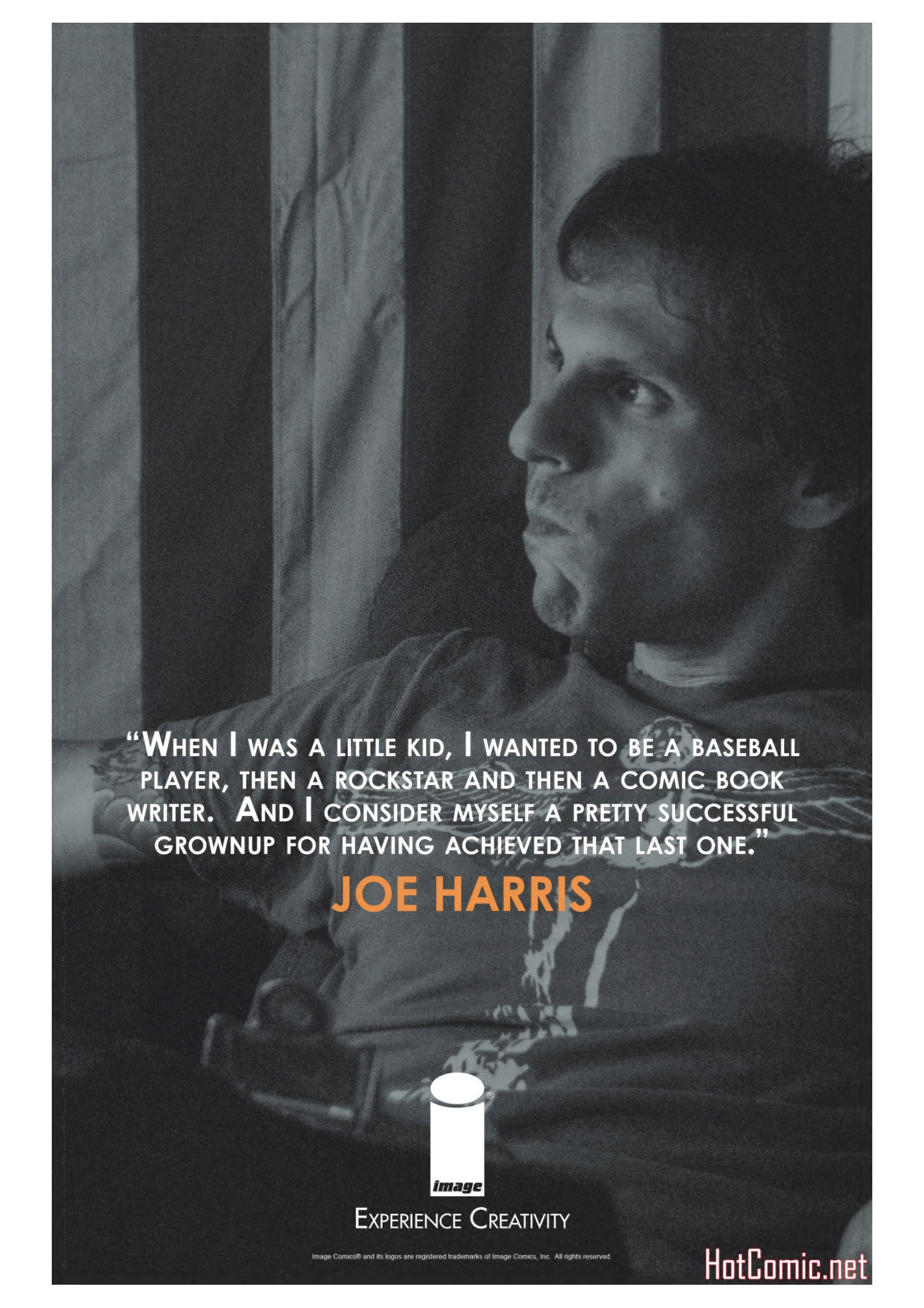
CHAPTER
EIGHT

VAUGHAN • STAPLES

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A black and white photograph of Joe Harris, looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. He is wearing a dark t-shirt with a graphic. The background is dark and textured.

**"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID, I WANTED TO BE A BASEBALL
PLAYER, THEN A ROCKSTAR AND THEN A COMIC BOOK
WRITER. AND I CONSIDER MYSELF A PRETTY SUCCESSFUL
GROWNUP FOR HAVING ACHIEVED THAT LAST ONE."**

JOE HARRIS



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